

MY LADY OF THE NORTH

The Love Story of a Gray Jacket
 by RANDALL PARRISH
 Author of "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING"
 ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR T. WILLIAMSON
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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in a Confederate tent at a critical stage of the Civil War. Gen. Lee imparts to Capt. Wayne an important message to Longstreet. Accompanied by Sgt. Craig, an old army scout, Wayne starts on his mission. They set within the lines of the enemy and in the darkness Wayne is taken for a Federal officer and a young lady on horseback is given in his charge. She is a northern girl and attempts to escape. One of the horses succumbs and Craig goes through with the dispatches, while Wayne and My Lady of the North are left alone. They seek shelter in a hut and entering it in the dark a huge mastiff attacks Wayne. The girl shoots the brute just in time. The owner of the hut, Jed Bungay, and his wife appear and soon a party of horsemen approach. They are led by a man claiming to be Red Lowrie, but who proves to be Maj. Brennan, a Federal officer whom the Union girl recognizes. He orders the arrest of Wayne as an spy and he is brought before Sheridan, who threatens him with death unless he reveals the secret message. Wayne believes Edith Brennan to be the wife of Maj. Brennan. He is rescued by Jed Bungay, who starts to reach Gen. Lee, while Wayne in disguise penetrates to the ballroom, beneath which he had been imprisoned. He is introduced to a Miss Minor and barely escapes being unmasked. Edith Brennan recognizing Wayne, says she will save him. Securing a pass through the lines, they are confronted by Brennan, who is knocked senseless. Then, bidding Edith adieu, Wayne makes a dash for liberty. He encounters a Bungay, they reach the Lee camp and are sent with reinforcements to join Early. In the battle of Shenandoah the regiment is overwhelmed, and Wayne, while in the hospital, is visited by Edith Brennan. Wayne and Bungay are sent on a scouting detail, and arriving at the Minor place, Wayne meets Miss Minor and Mrs. Bungay, and later Edith appears. Wayne's detachment is besieged by guerrillas.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

All that occurred next was but the impulse of a second. I stood with hand resting lightly upon the mule's neck, his long head drooping sleepily beside my shoulder. I saw Red Lowrie throw up his gun, all his evil nature written in his face, his cruel eyes instantly aflame with anger, and, inspired by the desperation of our case, I stooped suddenly, and blew with all my force into that long, pendant ear. Beelzebub gave vent to one snort of mingled rage and terror, and then let drive, backing into that cluster of choice rascals like a very thunderbolt of wrath, cleaving his way by every lightning blow of those nimble legs, and tumbling men to right and left. There was a yell of fright, a wild scramble for safety, a perfect volley of cursing—I saw Red Lowrie go tumbling backward, a heel planted fairly in the pit of his stomach, and the next instant Craig, swearing like a pirate, was jammed down on top of him, a red gash across his forehead. It was all accomplished so speedily, that it seemed but a medley of heels, of wildly cavorting mule, of scrambling, falling men.

"Fire!" I cried excitedly. "Sock it into them, lads, and follow me!"

There was a quick outburst of flame, a thunderous report, and, without waiting to see or hear more, I sprang forward through the dense smoke, and raced madly toward the front door. Caton panted at my side, and I could hear the heavy feet of a score of men pounding the turf behind us. The rush was so rapid, the noise so great and confusing, I could not distinguish whether we were even fired upon from the rear, but I marked a red flash at one of the windows in our front, and heard behind me a sharp wall of agony.

"If any man drops, pick him up!" I called, and at that moment we sprang up the steps, and began pounding loudly against the door.

"Open up!" shouted the Lieutenant, anxiously. "Brennan, open up, quick! It's Caton with help."

"I thought it never would open. A volley crashed into us, and Sands pitched down upon his face, clutching at the man next him as he fell. I glanced back anxiously—a dark, confused mass of men, without military formation, were running across the open space toward us.

"'Bout face!" I shouted. "Load at will—fire!"

We poured one scattering volley into them. It halted their movement for a moment, and then the door opened a scant crack.

"Is this you, Caton?"

"Yes, for God's sake, open up!"

The heavy door swung slowly inward, and with a wild rush to be first, we surged headlong into the hall.

CHAPTER XXX.

A Union of Yank and Keo.

As the heavy door clanged behind us some one upon the outside began pounding upon it, while with deadly chug a bullet crashed into the oaken panel.

"Donnerwetter!" shouted a deep voice, wildly. "Captain, I am yet out mit der bullets."

With a crash I flung aside the thick iron bar which answered as a lock, and drew in the Sergeant, yet panting heavily from his hard run.

"By Chiminy, dot was a narrow squeak," he exclaimed, as I released my grasp upon him and buried the door back into its place.

A dim light swinging suspended from the ceiling of the great wide hall revealed clearly the scene within. As I turned I beheld Brennan for the first time, and his face remains a memory. Standing with his back to the stair-railing, a revolver grasped tightly in either hand, his eyes burning, his

countenance flushed with anger, and clouded by doubt, he appeared almost like one distracted. At sight of me he gave up all attempt to control his raging temper.

"What does all this mean?" he demanded hoarsely. "Who are these men? Caton, if you have betrayed us, by God, I will shoot you dead."

"There is no betrayal," returned the Lieutenant, coolly. "These men are friends."

"Friends?" he laughed cynically. "Friends? in that uniform, and you attired in a Rebel cavalry jacket? Friends? that fellow over there?" and he pointed derisively at me with his pistol barrel. "Damn you, but I believe you are all a pack of lying thieves!"

Caton's face burned. He took one step toward him, his hands clinched, and when he spoke his clear voice shook with intense indignation.

"Major Brennan," he said coldly deliberate, "you are my superior officer, but you go beyond all privileges of rank in those words. I say these men are friends; they have sunk the issues of war in order that they may answer the call of humanity. If you dare impeach my motives any further, I shall hurl back the cowardly insult in your face. I will take no such words, sir, from any living man."

Brennan looked at him, his lips struggling with the utterance that would not come. Knowing well the danger of such delay, I hastily pushed aside the ring of men, and fronted him, determined to end this foolishness then and there.

"Major Brennan," I said firmly, ignoring his efforts to silence me, "you must listen to reason whether you wish to do so or not. My troopers are all around you; I have two men to your one in this house, and can enforce my will if necessary. Now mark what I say—we are not here in anger or in war, but to help you in the protection of endangered women. We captured your courier, have dispatched one of our own number into the Federal camp for aid, and have fought our way in here to stand beside you and your men in defence of this house against those ruffians without. You can use us or not, just as you please; it rests with you to say whether we shall be comrades in arms on this occasion, or whether I shall assume command by the power of force which I chance to control."

He seemed utterly unable to grasp my full meaning, to comprehend the situation.

"You mean, you would fight with us? under my command?" he asked incredulously.

"I offer my services under your orders," I replied clearly, "and these men in gray will obey mine."

I actually thought he would extend his hand, but some remembrance suddenly restrained him.

"I—of course, Captain Wayne," he stammered, at length. "I—I must accept your offer. I—I am grateful for it, but I shall insist upon one thing; there must be a final settlement of the personal matter existing between us. I am not willing to waive my rights in this."

"There is no occasion for your doing so, sir," I answered coldly, for I considered the reference at that moment in extremely ill taste. "When our work here has been accomplished, you will find me very much at your service."

He bowed gravely.

"I am exceedingly glad we understand each other," he said. "May I ask the size of your command?"

"Sergeant," I questioned, "whom have we lost?"

"Nelson vos kilt, I dinks; der Kid is not here yet, und Sands vos wounded bad."

"Very well; then, Major Brennan, I tender you sixteen men fit for duty, besides myself. You are doubtless acquainted with the house, and can assign us to positions where our services will prove of greatest value."

He had completely recovered his self-control by this time, and spoke now with the terse sentences, of a tried soldier.

"I thank you, Captain Wayne, and will ask you to choose four men and assume command of the east side of the house. Caton, you take the same number for defence of the rear. Captain, what is your sergeant's name?"

"Ebers, an experienced German soldier."

"I should have suspected his nationality. Let him have command of four more, and cover the west windows, as I have been doing."

"Very well," I answered shortly, for his eyes had remained fixed upon me all the time he was talking. "Take the positions assigned you, lads, and do not permit a man from without to put foot on the veranda. If they once succeed in getting under cover of the porch roof, they will give us plenty of trouble."

The position for defence assigned to my care took me into the dining-room of the mansion—a spacious, almost square apartment, containing three large windows reaching nearly to the floor. The outside blinds had been closed, but the glass in the panes

was mostly broken, and there were other evidences that the firing had been both heavy and continuous. I found two soldiers of Brennan's party within, both lying upon the floor, and peering cautiously through the apertures of the blinds. They glanced up at us with undisguised amazement.

"It's all right, lads," I said heartily. "Never mind our colors tonight; we are all fighting the same way."

I had taken with me Bungay, together with three of my troopers, and after placing them as advantageously as possible, I stretched myself out on the floor, and applying an eye to a convenient opening took careful survey of the situation without. This present cessation of activity was, I felt convinced, only temporary. I did not expect, from all I could now see, that the final assault would take place upon my side of the building. The massing of the main body of the besiegers before the front entrance, together with the presence there of their leaders, was sufficient to convince me that this was to prove the principal point of attack, and from my knowledge of such affairs I decided that probably the first signs of returning daylight would be the signal for a determined assault. The dark interior of such a house as this offered too many defensive advantages which the daylight would largely overcome.

"Have you had some hard fighting?" I asked of the man lying next me, a manly-looking fellow, wearing the yellow chevrons of a corporal of cavalry.

"They pitched in mighty strong at first, sir," he answered civilly. "An' we had so few men they pretty nearly rushed us, fer sure. It was our repeatin' rifles that drove 'em back."

We relaxed into silence, each intent upon the uncertainty without. As I lay there, gazing anxiously into the

darkness, I could not forbear wondering where Brennan had concealed the women to keep them from harm. Would he inform them of our arrival? He could scarcely hope to keep the fact long hidden, for they would certainly see some of my gray-jackets, and ask questions.

"They seem to be peckin' away pretty lively out in front," said the corporal, interrupting my reverie.

"Yes," I admitted. "In my judgment that will prove the main point of attack. How many men did the Major have there before we came?"

"Same as here, sir."

"And four of mine; that makes seven altogether, counting himself, and two of these ought to be posted in the upper story. He's bound to need more; that firing is very steady."

"He's got the women loadin' for him, and that helps some."

"The women?" I asked, staring at him in amazement. "Do you mean to say Mrs. Brennan and Cella Minor are there in that front room?"

"Don't know who they are, sir—two mighty fine lookin' young ladies, an' old lady with white hair, an' a big, rough-lookin' female, sir. The last one was handlin' a gun to beat the band just afore you came."

"And he keeps them there, exposed to all this heavy fire? What can the man mean? Why, Corporal, that constant shooting must have completely shattered the windows. There could be no safety for any one except lying flat upon the floor."

"Well, 'tain't quite so bad as that,

safe enough," he said gruffly. "There hasn't a shot come within a foot of the sill. The ground slopes out yonder, and those fellows can't fire low. Put the new men at the central window, and let them shoot at every flash they see. Bradley will pass back their empty guns."

I wondered how long our supply of ammunition would hold out with such a fusillade kept up, but ventured upon no protest, for I was already groping my way through the darkness along the inner wall. Furniture lay overturned in every direction, and I experienced considerable difficulty in making progress through the debris without attracting attention. A great square piano stood directly across the entrance to the back parlor, left by the drawing nearly together of the sliding doors. I waited until Bradley had crawled through with an armful of loaded guns, and then entered also, creeping silently between the piano legs. As I did so a bullet struck the case above, and the whole instrument trembled to the impact, giving forth a strange moan, as if in pain.

Some one was graining in the corner at my left, and supposing the wounded to be lying there, I turned more toward the right, keeping as close as possible to the wall, hopeful I might come in contact with one of the women. I do not honestly know why I did this—really I had no excuse, except my natural distrust of Brennan, coupled with an eager desire to be of service to the woman of my heart. There was little to guide me in the

search, as the flame of the discharging rifles did not penetrate here. Once I heard the rustle of a skirt, while a faint sound of whispering reached me from the rear of the room. Then my hand, groping blindly along the wall, touched the lower fold of a dress. It felt like coarse calico to my fingers.

"Mrs. Bungay," I whispered cautiously, "is this you?"

The woman started at sound of my voice, but replied in the same low tone: "That's my name; who might ye be?"

"A friend of yours, and of your husband," I answered, for I doubted if she would recall my name. "Did you know Jed was here?"

"My man? Hiven be praised! But I'll knock ther head off ther little devil if ever I git my hand on him, I will ther. What's ther little imp bin all ther time?"

"Hunting for you, and crying his eyes out," I answered, smiling to myself in the darkness. "Where is Mrs. Brennan?"

"Jist beyond me, thar in ther corner."

As she spoke a bullet whizzed past us, having missed the obstruction of the piano. I could feel the wind stirred by its passage, while its peculiar hum told me it was a Minie ball.

"You are too far out from the wall," I protested. "You are in range."

"Can't help it if I be. I'm yere ter take ther guns from ther sojer, an' pass 'em back."

I crept slowly along beyond her, keeping close to the wall, but had progressed hardly more than a couple of yards, when I felt a hand lightly touch me.

"I recognize your voice," said a soft whisper, "and am so glad you are here."

Who can guess the motives that inspire a woman? This was my welcome, where I had anticipated coldness and repellant pride.

"Damn You, but I Believe You Are All a Pack of Lying Thieves!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

A Conversation in the Dark.

In my extreme surprise at the intimate cordiality expressed by her words and manner I failed in utterance. Anticipating coldness, indifference, possibly even resentment at my presuming to approach her, I was instead greeted by an unstudied warmth of welcome that made my heart beat fiercely.

"Surely I am not mistaken," she questioned, rendered doubtful by my silence. "Is not this Captain Wayne?"

"There is no mistake," I hastened to assure her, "but I had anticipated from our last meeting a far less cordial greeting."

"Oh," she exclaimed, with a light laugh, "and is that all? Yet surely, if I was to believe my own eyes I am perfectly justified in my actions then. However, Captain, I have been forced to realize the truth of that situation, and am now disposed to make up to you in kindness for all my unjust suspicions."

"I am more than delighted to learn that cloud is no longer to overshadow us. Miss Minor has made a full explanation, then?"

"You have been completely exonerated, and restored to my good graces."

As she spoke, I became aware that she was busily engaged upon some task, and when she ended I felt the steel of a gun-barrel touch my hand.

"Please pass this to Maria," she said calmly, "and hand me back the one she has."

"You are loading, then?" I asked, as I complied with her request.

"We have all been busy. Isn't it terrible? I was so frightened at first, but now they tell me that you and your men have come, there is no longer danger of those horrible creatures getting in here."

"You knew, then, that I was in the house?"

"I was told some noble Confederates had accompanied Lieutenant Caton back to aid us, but your name was not mentioned."

"Then my appearance must have proven a complete surprise?"

"Yes, and no," she answered frankly. "I was not sure it was you, of course, and I did not venture to ask, but I knew you were in the neighborhood, and that such an act would be in a way characteristic. I was certain you would come if you knew, and I—I, well really, I hoped it was."

In spite of a slight effort at restraint I groped in the darkness until I touched her hand. For the moment she permitted me to retain it, as if unconsciously, within my grasp.

"Why?" I questioned, scarcely relying upon my own voice.

"Oh, one always trusts friends more readily than strangers, and I have seen you in danger before, and possess such confidence in your courage and resource."

"But Miss Minor took particular care to inform me you felt little or no interest in me—that you never even spoke of me except as she compelled you to do so."

For a moment she did not answer.

"How constant the firing continues," she said at last, as I sat struggling dumbly with temptation.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Death Preferred.

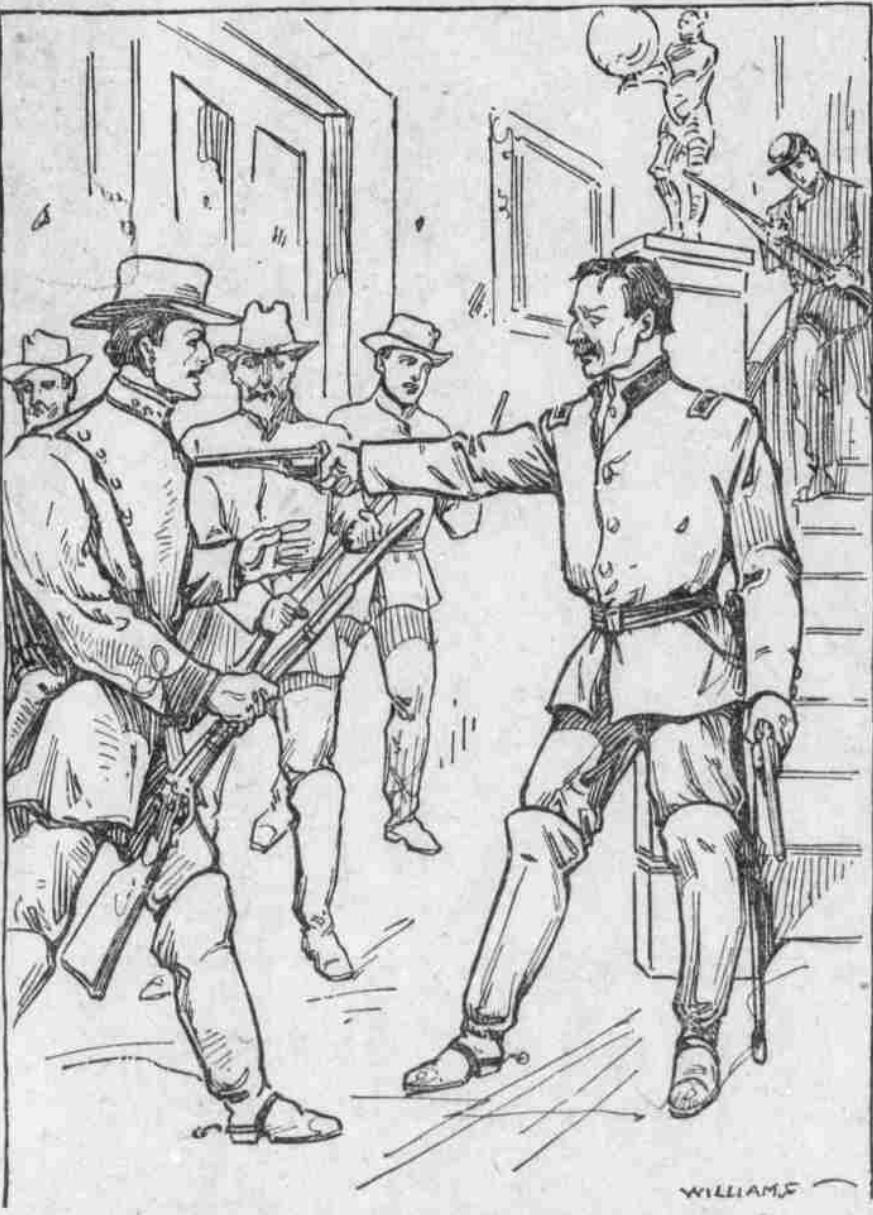
A. Stirling Calder, the Philadelphia sculptor, was reminded at the Franklin Inn club, apropos of the Fourth of July and Liberty, of a story about the great Bartholdi statue in New York bay.

"An eminent English critic," he said, "sailing into New York bay for the first time, saw Bartholdi's colossal work and said:

"Is that Liberty?"

"Yes," a friend replied.

"Then," said the critic, "give me death."



WILLIAMSON

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The Kitchen Cabinet

Worry less—work more. Waste less—give more. French less—practice more.

Some one has well said that the optimist is the man who makes lemonade of the lemons that are handed to him.

WHEN EVERYTHING GOES WRONG

Just to leave your work and your worries—your dishes in the sink, your beds unmade, your marketing undone, and, if need be, your doors unlocked—and go forth into the great outside world, is to run with eager feet toward peace. It is good to go and see a friend and talk it over; but it is better to go out under the sky and forget it. Let the unhurried world of nature preach to you of steadfast peace and growth under unceasing change. Let the big, empty sky replace the cobwebbed ceiling of your house-bound consciousness, flood the dark places with wholesome sunshine. When you go back to your dishes they will almost wash themselves, for all the good fairies out-of-doors will come home with you and lend a willing hand to your work.

Try Some Changes in Potato Cookery.—We should all be as ambitious as the gentleman who was told that there were over two hundred ways of cooking potatoes. He replied by saying: "I am going to learn them all. I already know two."

Buttered Potatoes.—Cut potatoes into eighths or quarters and parboil, drain and finish cooking in butter, turning often to give them an even brown. Add salt and cayenne for seasoning. They may be baked in a paper bag and are hard to equal for flavor, cooked in that way.

Reilly Potatoes.—Have ready one quart of cold cooked potatoes cut in pieces the size of small beans. Put the potatoes into a hot skillet with three tablespoonsful of fat in which a small onion and three green peppers have been cooked. Add a cup of thick tomato, sifted. Season with salt and pepper and cook until dry. Serve with fish or cold meat.

Sugar Potatoes.—Parboil and cut in fourth-inch slices good sweet potatoes. Simmer for an hour or more in a sirup made with a cup of white sugar, a fourth of a cup of water and a teaspoonful of butter. Baste the slices and let the sirup cook away before serving.

ANXIETY, worry and fretting destroy nutrition by ruining the digestion and preventing assimilation of the nutriment in the food. Whatever affects the brain cells, the nutritive centers of the body, affects the health, the life.

Worry or anxiety injures certain cells of the brain, often beyond repair. The supply of nerve nutriment is cut off, and all the normal processes of the body are disarranged and disordered while one is troubled or anxious. That is why worry kills.

A FEW FILLINGS FOR CAKES.

For a quick filling and icing, use the white of an egg, a teaspoonful of lemon juice and a cup of powdered sugar. Stir well together and beat five minutes. Add more sugar if not stiff enough.

Pineapple Filling.—Add to stiff boiled frosting a tablespoonful of gelatine dissolved in a little pineapple juice, a half cup of grated pineapple and enough lemon juice to make it pleasantly tart.

Fruit Filling.—A cup of seeded raisins, half a pound of blanched almonds, half a pound of chopped dates and a fourth of a pound of finely minced citron (all put through the meat chopper is a saving of time), then add enough boiled frosting to make a smooth paste and sufficient quantity.

Caramel Filling.—To a pound of light brown sugar add a half cup of milk and a tablespoonful of butter. Boil until it makes a soft ball in water. Cool without stirring, then beat to a cream, adding a teaspoonful of vanilla or other flavoring and chopped fruit or nuts as desired.

Coffee Filling.—To a cup of hot milk add two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and a half teaspoonful of butter, the yolks of two eggs beaten with a half cup of strong coffee and a half cup of sugar. Return to the fire and cook until thick; cool before using.

Fig Filling.—Cook a pound of figs, chopped, in three-fourths of a cup of water and a half cup of sugar. Stir and simmer until smooth; add a tablespoonful of lemon juice, cool and spread between the layers of cake.

Grated chocolate added to boiled frosting flavored with vanilla is a good and quick filling to prepare.

Nellie Maxwell.

Where Towns Fall into the Sea.

On some parts of the east coast of England the restless waves have washed away the earth on which centuries ago flourishing villages were built.

Sure He Would

Magistrate—If I let you off this time, will you promise to take the pledge?

Delighted Prisoner (excitedly)—Oh will, yer honor, an' drink yer health!

—Tit-Bits.